

Sweet WILLIAM

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PLYMOUTH.



A Seaman of *Plymouth*, sweet *William* by Name,
A wooing to beautiful *Susan* he came;
At length he obtained her Love and Good-will,
And likewise her Father admir'd her still.

Her Mother was likewise as well satisfy'd,
The Day was appointed the Knot should be ty'd;
All Friends were invited, but see by the Way,
Sweet *Susan* she sicken'd and languishing lay.

They us'd their Endeavours to raise her again,
By learned Physicians, whose Skill was in vain:
A Week she continu'd, sweet *William* did grieve,
Because of his Love he must needs take his Leave.

As being commanded to sail the next Wind,
Then leaving his sorrowful Jewel behind,
He said, we'll be marry'd when I come again,
If thou by good Fortune alive do remain.

So long as I live I'll be true to my Love,
And *Susan*, I hope you as constant will prove;
Ne'er doubt it, quoth *Susan*; my Jewel, quoth she,
There's none in the World shall enjoy me but thee.

A Tribute of Tears then at parting they paid,
Sweet *William*, the Mother, the languishing Maid,
And likewise the Father was griev'd to the Heart,
Yet nevertheless for a Time they must part.

Away to the Ocean sweet *William* is gone,
Where now we will leave him, and shew you anon,
How base and deceitful her Parents did prove,
Who counsel'd their Child to be false to her Love:

PART II.

NOW when this Damsel had languishing lain
Near five or six Months, she recover'd again,
Whose Beauty was brighter than ever before,
So that there were many her Charms did adore.

All did account her that came to her View,
(Her Fame thro' the neighbouring Villages flew)
To be the most beautiful 't Creature on Earth,
Altho' but a Fisherman's Daughter by Birth.

So that she was courted by none of the worse,
A wealthy young Farmer came to her first,

And call'd her his Jewel, the Joy of his Life:
Said she, pray be gone, I'm another Men's Wife;

My sacred Vows in the presence of God,
And if I am false let his heavy Rod,
Of sharpest Correction my Punishment be
And therefore be gone from my presence quoth she;
Then came a young 'Squire and call'd her his Dear
And said he would settle Two Hundred a Year
Upon her, if that she would be his sweet Bride;
I cannot, I dare not, you must be deny'd.

Then unto her Father and Mother he went,
And having discover'd his noble Intent;
They being Ambitious of Honour and Gain,
They strove to perswade her but all was in vain:

Dear Parents said she, observe what I say,
In all lawful Things I ought to obey.
But when you would have me be false for Gold
I dare not submit, to the Truth I will hold.

They found that it was but a Folly to strive,
So long as she knew her Love was alive;
To bring her to mind any other but he
Wherefore the Young 'Squire and they did agree,

To send this young beautiful Creature away,
Along with a Lady to *Holland*, and they
Would tell him at his Return she was dead,
So that he some other young Damsel might Wed.

Then would it be lawful to marry the 'Squire,
Who did her beautiful Features admire:
This was their Contrivance to *Holland* she went,
Poor Creature, she knew not their crafty Intent.

But since her Parents would needs have it so,
In Point of Obedience she yielded to go;
Where now we will leave her, to treat of her Love,
Who being gone from her two Years and above.

PART III.

IN *William*'s long Voyage they came to a Place,
Where he had not been but a very short Space,
Where Fortune did favour him so that he bought
A Bargain worth many Thousands 'tis Thought.

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Then laden with Riches he came to the Shore;
Said he, my dear Jewel whom I do adore
I will go Visit before I do rest,

My Heart it has long been lodged in her Breast.
Now when to the House of her Parents he came,
He call'd for his *Susan*, sweet *Susan* by Name;
But strait her Mother did make this reply,

'Tis long since my Daughter did languish and die.
His Heart at these Tidings was ready to break,
Some Minutes he had not the Power to speak;
At length with a Flood of Tears he reply'd
Farewel to the Pleasures and Joys of a Bride.

My Sorrows are more than I'm able to bear,
Is *Susan* departed, sweet *Susan* the fair!
Then none in the World I will marry since she
Is laid in the Grave that was worthy of me.

Their Presence he quitted with watry Eyes,
And went to his Father and Mother likewise
His loving Parents, and with them he left
His Wealth, because he of his Love was bereft.

Resolved I am for to travel again,
Perhaps it may wear off my Sorrow and Pain;
Take Care of my Riches, they're Treasure unknown,
And if I return not then all is your own.

But if I should live to see you once more,
I make no Doubt but you will it restore.
Ay, that I will, Son, the Father reply'd,
So for his long Voyage he strait did provide:

He enter'd on board, and away he did steer,
The Seas they were calm, and the Element clear
At first, but at length a sad Storm did arise,
Black Clouds they did cover and darken the Skies.

The Seas they did foam, and the Wind it did roar,
At length being drove on the *Hollanders* Shore,
Their Ship was so ratter'd and torn indeed,
That on their Voyage they could not proceed.

Now as they lay by their Ship to repair,
He went to the *Hague* and walk'd here and there;
And as he was ranging along in the Street,
His beautiful *Susan* he chanced to meet.

He started as soon as her Face he beheld,
With Wonder and Joy he was instantly fill'd:
Oh! tell me, said he, ye Powers above,
Do my Eyes deceive me, or is it my Love.

They say she's been buried a Twelvemonth almost,
But this is my Dear, or her beautiful Ghost.
Then strait he ran to her, and found it was she,
And none in the World was so happy as he.

My dearest said *William* why dost thou roam?
What destiny brought thee so far from thy Home?
A Story she told him with watry Eyes,
Concerning the Farmer and 'Squire likewise.

They courted me long but I still said them nay;
And therefore my Parents they sent me away,
To wait on a Lady with whom I am now,
Because I would not be false to my Vow.

He presently told her of all his Affairs
His Riches, his Troubles, his Sorrows and Cares
And how he was going a Voyage to make,
He did not know whither, and all for her Sake;

But as he was sailing the Weather grew foul,
The Wind it did roar and Billows did rowl,
Yet nevertheless on this turbulent Sea,
The Waves were so kind to conduct me to thee.

I'll unto the Lady and let her to know,
Thou shalt serve her no longer but with me shall go;
Into fair *Plymouth*, where thou shalt be seen
As gay as her self or a beautiful Queen.

PART IV.

HE made a Dispatch and soon brought her away;
The Sea it was calm & the Wind did obey,
So that in a short Time to *Plymouth* they came,
And now he was clearly for changing her Name.

He told his own Father and Mother that here,
By Fortune's kind Favour he lit of his Dear;
And now let's prepare for the Wedding said he,
Her Father and Mother invited gall be.

Then unto her Parents he hasted at last,
And told them the height of his Sorrows were past;
For since you say *Susan* your Daughter is dead,
I have found a Beauty with whom I will wed.

And therefore I come to bring you the News
I hope that one Favour you will not refuse,
O honour me then with your presence I pray,
And come to my Wedding, To-morrow's the Day.

They promis'd they would and was pleas'd to the
To think how bravely they acted their Part. (Heart
And now said the Mother I have my desire,
We'll call home our Daughter to marry the 'Squire.

The very next Morning fair *Susan* got dress'd,
In sumptuous apparel more gay than the rest,
The richest of Silks that the World could afford,
Embroider'd with Gold he brought from on Board.

With Diamonds and Rubies her Vesture did shine
For Beauty she look'd like an Angel divine;
Scarce ever was mortal so glorious and great,
And likewise her Modesty suited her State.

Now then with the Bride to Dinner they sat,
Her Parents and Friends they were lovingly met;
This stately Apparel had alter'd her so,
That her Father and Mother her Face did not know.

A Health to the Bride round the Table did pass;
The Mother of *Susan* then taking a Glass,
Did do as the rest, and spoke up with a Grace,
My Daughter if living had been in your Place.

The Bride at her saying she modestly smil'd,
To think that her Mother knew not her own Child.
Soon after the Bride arose from her Seat,
And fell on her Knees at her dear Parents Feet.

I am your Daughter the which you did send
To *Holland*, but Heaven has stood My good Friend,
And placed me in the Arms of my Love,
For which I may thank the blest Powers above.

Her Father and Mother with Blushes reply'd,
The 'Squire was earnest to make her his Bride.
But since it is order'd by Heaven's decrees,
We grant you our Blessing, rise up from your Knees.

Then *William* spoke up with a notable Grace,
A Fig for the 'Squire bring him to my Face,
For Crowns of great Silver with him I'll let fall,
And he that holds longest shall surely take all.

They woudred how he did such Riches obtain;
Yet still they believ'd it was true in the Main
Because they appeared so glorious and gay,
With Musick and Dancing they finished the Day.